

RELIGIOUS TOPICS

Jesus is Near.
In darkest hours I hear a voice,
Which comes to my faint heart to cheer.
Saying in tones of love: "Rejoice—
Jesus is near!"

In times of trial and gloom,
Through the dark gown of doubt and gloom,
There breaks a light, like dawn of day,
"Jesus is near!"

When years' agonizing tokens bring,
And failing hopes seem dry and sore,
Then bursts a bloom, like second spring,
"Jesus is near!"

Then, when at length the veil shall rise,
Will my enraptured spirit hear
From angel voices through the skies—
"Jesus is near!"

Not far away, but close at hand,
A constant friend, most true and dear,
Gladly I'll draw heaven's command,
With Jesus near!

—R. C. Watersham, D. D.

Quiet Hour

Recognition Hereafter.
The three words suggest the subject of our recognition of departed loved ones in the world to come. This subject is of interest at all times, and touches well nigh everyone. Hardly any of us have not heard their dead, hardly any but have shut off from the daily activities of their souls a consecrated void, hardly any but at times are earnestly asking: "Shall we see these dear absent ones again, and will there be some bond of recognition between us?"

Now, on this question we could hardly expect the word of God to say much. God would occupy us here with duty rather than with speculation. However tender and sacred. Not what heaven is, but how to get to heaven. It is the great problem before us. We are given little of description, much of direction. But although the burden of inspiration has to do with the privileges and the requirements of this world it gives us no empty consolation with reference to them who are fallen asleep. In the first place, there is that prevailing undertone which we detect everywhere. We cannot explain it. We cannot point it out, but somehow, open the Bible where we may it "reminds us concerning our brethren."

But, again, the recognition of those we have known on earth is implied in many of the fundamental declarations of the Bible. We are to be held accountable, for instance, for our dealings with those around us. Can it, then, be possible that we are not to know those whom we have influenced for good or ill?

Perhaps, however, the strongest of the direct teachings of the Bible on this point is to be found in those numberless similitudes which describe our state here and hereafter, as one of association. The kingdom of heaven is a fellowship, a communion, a family, a household. Surely, knit together by such ties, the members of that kingdom must know each other.

But we are not left to mere inferences and implications. The Bible asserts directly the doctrine of mutual recognition hereafter. But it will suffice us to consider only the further statement of our text. And were that statement alone it would be enough, for it tells us that the glorified body of our Lord was recognized; and he was our first fruits, and as he rose so shall we rise. There was, indeed, about him an unearthly luster, but the wounds were yet visible; the same eyes looked out upon the apostles, the same lips spoke to them, the same hands blessed them, albeit a wondrous glory illumined all.

Not at first did Mary and his disciples know him. While they sought the garden or would go fishing or walked sorrowful and hopeless by the wayside their eyes were darkened; but when they turned their spiritual gaze upon him then they knew him. Then Mary said, "Rabboni"; then St. John cried, "It is the Lord"; then doubting Thomas believed; then repentant Peter sank at his feet. In like manner it shall be with us and ours. We shall be changed. For corruption there shall be incorruption; for weakness, power; for dishonor, glory; for the natural, the spiritual body. An Isaac shall rejoice Rebecca, a David shall go to the child who could not come to him, a Mary and a Martha shall greet their brother, and the tears of a Rachel weeping for her children shall be wiped away.—Rev. Henry M. Barbour, Church of the Beloved Disciple, New York.

"Resisting Power."

Doctors tell us, in these days of germs and toxins, that the thing that counts most in a case is the "resisting power" of the patient. Some men and women can pass through an epidemic, or even be inoculated, with its peculiar poison germs and yet shake off infection, unharmed. Others, apparently just as healthy, succumb to the first contact with disease, and sink under it, in spite of the best nursing. "Resisting power" is an individual affair and many surprises come to the doctor and nurse as the frail-looking patient pulls through, and the robust-seeming one dies. Medicines can only aid the "resisting power"; they can never take its place. It determines, in the end, life or death in every case. Is

there not a moral parable here? Is not the important thing in every soul its "resisting power?"

Every soul must fight out its battle alone. Advice, help, sympathy, are all outside things. Our struggle with moral sin is our own struggle, and the wisest teacher, the tenderest mother or friend, is powerless to fight it for us. In the last analysis our "resisting power" is the thing that settles moral life or death for us. How much of it have we? Are we strengthening our souls daily to resist evil? Are we determined to resist it, always, to the uttermost? If not, when the temptation comes, with its subtle infection, it will find in us its easiest victim.

Over and Over.

"He said nothing new," said a voice judicially, when the meeting was over. "It was just the same old thing over again." "And they rested and comforted in just the same dear old way," interposed another quickly. "Just the same dear old way that they rested and comforted sore and tired hearts through all the centuries. I think it is the over-and-over of the gospel that is its atoned worth to me. Burdens will press heavily, unkindness will hurt, the sky will cloud, hands and feet grow weary, and the heart faint, the task is too great for us, and it seems so much more while to try. Then, through habit or duty, or desperation, 'Back to the book we come.' To the tender, living voice that forever speaks through it if we will but listen. Just the same old words that we have heard and read hundreds of times, but we feel the Father's love again, the hurt and pain die away, faith lifts its head and smiles toward the waiting home afar, and once more we are ready for the Master's 'Follow me.'—Forward.

Time.

I Cor. vii 29—"The time is short." The great broad field of time is portioned out, like the strips of peasant allotments, which show a little bit here, with one kind of crop upon it, bordered by another little morsel of ground, bearing another kind of crop. So the whole is patchy, and yet all harmonizes in effect if we look at it from high enough up. Thus each life is made up of a series, not merely of successive moments, but of well-marked epochs, each of which has its own character, its own responsibilities, its own opportunities, in each of which there is some special work to be done, some grace to be cultivated, some lesson to be learned, some sacrifice to be made; and if it is let slip it never comes back any more. "It might have been once, and we missed it, lost it forever."—Rev. A. MacLaren, D. D.

The Way and the End.

Providence leads us like children through the wilderness, by many a devious track towards our home. Joy brightens the path for one, and he walks on thankfully and happily in its rosy light. Grief takes another by the hand, and clutching him in her stern grip, points with wasted arm along the narrow way. What matter for so short a distance how we reach the goal? Brother, help me with my knapsack the while I guide thy feeble steps, and share with thee the crumbs in my homely wallet. Let us assist rather than hinder one another. Yonder where the lights are twinkling is a welcome for us all. Dark is the night, and sore the weary feet, and rough the way. Cheer up! toil on! we shall get there at last.—Whyte Melville.

You Do Not Leave It Behind.

Silently the work of our lives goes on. It proceeds without intermission and all that has been done is the under-structure for that which is to be done. Young man and maiden, take heed to the work of your hands. That which you are doing is imperishable. You do not leave it behind you because you forget it. It passes away from you apparently, but it does not pass away in reality. Every stroke, every single element abides and there is nothing that grows fast as character.

Plant Patience.

Plant patience in the garden of thy soul! The roots are bitter, and the fruits are sweet; And when, at last, it stands a tree complete, Beneath its tender shade the burning heat And burden of the day shall lose control— Plant patience in the garden of thy soul!

One Point Forgotten.

A rich man once took a friend on top of a tower on his estate and pointed north. "As far as you can see in that direction," he said, "the land is mine. And in that direction," pointing to the east; "and in that, and that," turning south and west. "I see," answered his friend; "your possessions extend in all directions on a level; but"—pointing upward—"what have you in that direction?" And the boaster was silent.

Great Britain's Colonies.

Three-sevenths of the total colonial territory of the world, Egypt and Soudan included, belongs to Great Britain.

IN WOMAN'S INTEREST

Girl's Russian Blouse Dress.

The ultimatum that every girl shall have a Russian blouse in her wardrobe has brought out some new styles are especially practical for this Autumn for girls' and misses' school frocks. In the charming design shown here the suit may be varied by using the blouse with separate skirt and vice versa. The little yoke effect in front is very pretty, and when made of white or light colors lives up a dark suit most wonderfully. The front of the waist is gathered slightly at the yoke edge, this giving a pretty roundness to the waist, and the fullness is confined at the waist by a belt. The lining may or may not be used and the blouse may be gathered and stitched to the waist, or adjusted by the belt. The skirt is five-gored, the most approved style for misses and girls, and will a good model to follow for either suit or as a separate skirt. The back may be made with an inverted box plait or gathered.

Any of the waist materials or Fall suitings will make up satisfactorily in the mode, although a serge, moiré, cassimere or light-weight woollens will be exceedingly pretty when combined with a bright braid for decorations.

Child's Box-Plaited Frock.
To be made with or without the collar. Box-plaited frocks are much in vogue for little girls and are shown



In a variety of materials. This stylish one can be made with the collar and trimming, as illustrated, or without, as shown in the small sketch, and is adapted to a wide range of materials.

but as shown, is made of rose colored linen trimmed with white embroidery.

The frock consists of the fronts and the back, both of which are laid in box plaits, and is shaped by means of shoulder and underarm seams. Extensions at the waist line in the underarm seams are laid in inverted plaits to give extra fullness to the skirt.

The quantity of material required for the medium size (8 years) is 5½ yards 27 inches wide, 3½ yards 44 inches wide, or 3 yards 52 inches wide.

The Newest Blouse.



Tucked blouse of cream colored pongee, with plastron and cuffs embroidered in yellow and white.

Latest and Smartest Parasol.
A fluffy parasol for lovely America to shade her pretty face is of chiffon in the new yellow shade. The foundation is of yellow silk, all hidden by a mass of chiffon frills, mounted by a huge rose of yellow chiffon. The founce hanging from the edge is V-shaped at every rib, forming a charming, irregular frame for mademoiselle's lovely face.

Latest in Lingerie.
In lingerie the latest imported suggestion consists in the leaving of a tiny space in the midst of the exquisite hand embroidery with which these garments are to be incrustated, to be filled in later with the owner's initial or monogram.

A chemise shown by an importer has a low, round neck, finished off with tiny square scallops done in fancy buttonhole stitch. Below this

was a tracery of trailing vines, delicately embroidered. At the left the vines were formed into a sort of empire wreath for the reception of somebody's monogram.

This monogram scheme was seen also in a night dress, where a heart-shaped decoration is embroidered over the left breast, in the yoke. A corset cover had insertions of Valenciennes lace alternating with narrow strips of the muslin, showing a hand-wrought design in mistletoe. At the left the mistletoe formed a sort of inverted wishbone for the reception of the future monogram.

Rather Quaint.

The pelerine and the scarf worn low on the shoulder are in the fashionable horizon. The pelerine yoke appears in many of the fall gowns. This is a close-fitting yoke, that reaches almost to the under-arm seam in width, extends over the sleeve tops and gives an exaggerated long-shoulder effect. Plaited boleros and bodices are mounted on these yokes. It is used, also, in the new shirtwaists.

Of the 1860 Girl.

The 1860 girl is still popular in the picturesque models of 1903, the low-shoulder yokes and cape effects being the favorite among ladies' tailors. The 1860 sleeve follows that style of shoulder by natural sequence, all pretty thin materials being used for the full under-sleeve.

Girl's Frock of White Voile.

The frock has a wide box plait in the middle of the front, on each side of which are two side plaits. It is fancifully trimmed around the hips, simulating a yoke, with bands of guipure, and is finished at the bottom with tucks.

The blouse is covered with a triple collar trimmed with guipure and finished around the slightly low neck with a band of dotted foulard. This also forms the cuffs and the girdle. The cravat is of tulle with embroidered ends.—Wiener Chic.

Informal Talks

Add a little salt to the stove polish and it will not rub off so quickly.

Ants dislike borax, so sprinkle it over shelves in pantries, etc., where they are troublesome.

To clean zinc wash first in hot soda water and then rub with a flannel dipped in turpentine.

A kitchen stool is a great comfort to a delicate woman for sitting on when washing dishes or cleaning vegetable tables.

For waterproofing boots melt together a little mutton suet and bees wax, rub it over the soles and slightly over the edges where the stitches are.

Japanese trays should be washed with a sponge and cold or tepid water. Wipe dry, then dredge over a little flour and polish with a soft cloth.



Eton jackets cut quite a figure on the new frocks.

Lay in a stock of gay buttons if you want to be up to date.

Mauve crepe de chine dresses are among the most charming.

Every modiste has taken an unprecedented fancy for tucks.

Long-waisted bodices and very short skirts are worn by wee folk.

Tussore has proved itself a most economical fabric because almost everlasting.

More than one fall street suit will serve all winter with an extra lining in the jacket.

A toque made of velvet violeta tinged mauve rather than blue is extremely fascinating.

Mauve buckskin shoes and mauve silk stockings complete the mauve toilet for evening or gala afternoon wear.

Missouri Notes

The oldest resident of Jasper county, Mr. J. H. Summer, died on September 20, the last day of summer.

The Columbia Herald has apparently put itself on record against Reed of Kansas City for governor. It says: "The chief merit of a governor is a wise and discreet silence."

Sparks from passing engines have twice set fire to the grass in Knell's park near the Frisco railroad yards in Carthage. The proprietor declares he is in a knell of a predicament.

Still, it may be questioned whether the compositor of the Brookfield Budget made much of a mistake when he referred to the governor's uniformed colonels as a "gloriously uniformed staff of peace-loving colonels."

The Marceline band has been re-scripted as "attending strictly to business and ready to play at all the time." If there is any brass band in Missouri that is not ready to play at the drop of the hat it will please stand up and be counted.

The department of agriculture at Columbia has sent out a report of the bumper nut crop this fall. But why not tell of the persimmons and pawpaws? For now ripeneth nuts, pawpaws and persimmons, these three; but the greatest of these is persimmons.

The average age of the citizens of Linn county is probably less than that prevailing in any other county in the state. At a recent reunion of old settlers the prize for preatest longevity was given to William B. McCollum, who was only 92 years old.

Walter Williams of the Columbia Herald is popular with the Missouri editors as a possible candidate for lieutenant governor. Mr. Williams would afford a marked contrast, physically, intellectually and morally, to the late Lieutenant Governor John A. Lee, and would be certain to be acceptable to Governor Folk.

The Carthage Press reported the frost in the pumpkin in genuine J. W. Riley style last week.

A Texas man, whose pet fad is the collecting of human skulls, is in St. Joseph trying to interest others in his hobby. As yet nobody has lost his head over the fad.

A Henry county farmer who ate eight green apples last week to win a ten dollar bet has since spent \$42 for the services of a physician and is in a good way to spend much more.

It was too bad that the Indianapolis airship turned out to be a balloon as soon as it did. Several Missouri weekly papers had already "locked up" big sensations about it and had to print them.

Upon the theory that a man can dodge a street car as easily as he can an automobile the Independence city council has decided to permit the street cars to run fifteen miles an hour inside the city limits.

The last store building in Halleck one of the oldest towns in Buchanan county, was torn down the other day and now there is little left of the old trading post. At one time there were six stores in the town. The postoffice was discontinued eighteen months ago.

About twenty-two years ago R. G. Carnahan who lives near Sarcoxie, cut a picture of a parrot from a cracker box and sent it to a niece by mail on April 1 as a joke. It was returned and then sent to a man in Europe. Again it was returned and it has been going ever since. It has been in hundreds of cities and towns in many parts of the world since it was cut from the cracker box.

"De stonkekeph who doan do no advertisin' in de papers," says the Hon. Jeremiah Grider of the World's Democratic Agitator, "might jes as well kiss hissef good-by, kase dey ain't nobody goin' to leab no happy home to trade wif 'im."

The Sarcoxie Leader man is not "proud." He will accept almost anything on subscription if it is worth taking. He says: "If anyone who is a subscriber to the Leader wants to pay his subscription at any time and has not the necessary dollars, but has something to eat, or some wood, he may trot it in. We will take anything of that kind and allow you market price. We have to eat—a little, and need a fire occasionally to warm by, and will thankfully take anything you can spare."

"Chicken" Luettke, "Stiffy" Weisner and "Dutch" Ritter left the Chillicothe Athletics unceremoniously the other day. "Pie" Fessler, though, is still with the team.

"The country editor certainly has a good time," says a North Missouri editor. "When we were working on a city daily we had to get down to the office at 8 a. m. Now that we are boss we don't have to get down at 8—we get here at 6."

The name of D. J. Kelley appeared on the register of the Madison house in Jefferson City the other day just as it used to in good old hoolie days. It was put there by a St. Louis newspaper man as a joke, but it caused a whole lot of guessing.

The sheriff of Buchanan county is to be pitied. He has five women prisoners in the county jail and they are all in one big room.

It does seem strange, but Mrs. Ella B. Shoemaker of Joplin is said to make the best apple and peach cobbler in Jasper county.



PAQUIN GOWNS FROM FRENCH RACES.

The first gown is an exquisite creation of faded mauve mousseline de sole and lace. The skirt is covered with three flounces of lace, each edged with a double ruffle of the mousseline de sole. The upper flounce is shirred and puffed at the top, forming a hip-yoke. The blouse is entirely covered with a large cape collar, trimmed with little frills of lace, or riches of the mousseline de sole. The corselet girle is of mauve taffeta of a deeper shade than the gown. The full sleeves are of the mousseline de sole, finished

just below the elbows with frills of the same. The other gown is of changeable blue silk. The skirt is composed of three deep flounces, each encircled with a wide band of lace or guipure insertion. The upper one is plaited over the hips. The blouse is of lace, with round tucked yoke of white silk; it is covered with a triple shoulder collar of the changeable silk, ornamented with carved silver buttons. The full sleeves are of lace, finished with deep tucked cuffs of the white silk. The draped girdle is of plain blue silk.—La Mode Artistique.

Two Different Kinds.

"Does your typewriter need repairs?" asked the meandering tinker as he entered the office. "It would seem so," replied the boss. "She just went across the street to consult a dentist."

Perfect Match.

"Mr. and Mrs. Scrappe are said to be a perfect match." "Indeed they are! The slightest friction will suffice to set off a domestic conflagration."

Merely That.

"There was a time," she complained, "when you thought nothing was good enough for me."

"So it was," replied the brute, "and I should have made it a point to see that you always got it."

So They Told.

Editor—How did you find out so much about the proceedings of that woman's club?

Reporter—It was a secret meeting they held.—Judge

The Dear Girls.

Ethel—Yes, dear, George proposed last night, and I took pity on the poor fellow.

Her Best Friend—What! You don't mean to say you refused him, after all?—Perth (N. B.) News.

Uncle Reuben Says:

None of us would hev things quite as dey are if we could hev our way about it, but de question is woud dey be any better for de odder feller?—Detroit Free Press.